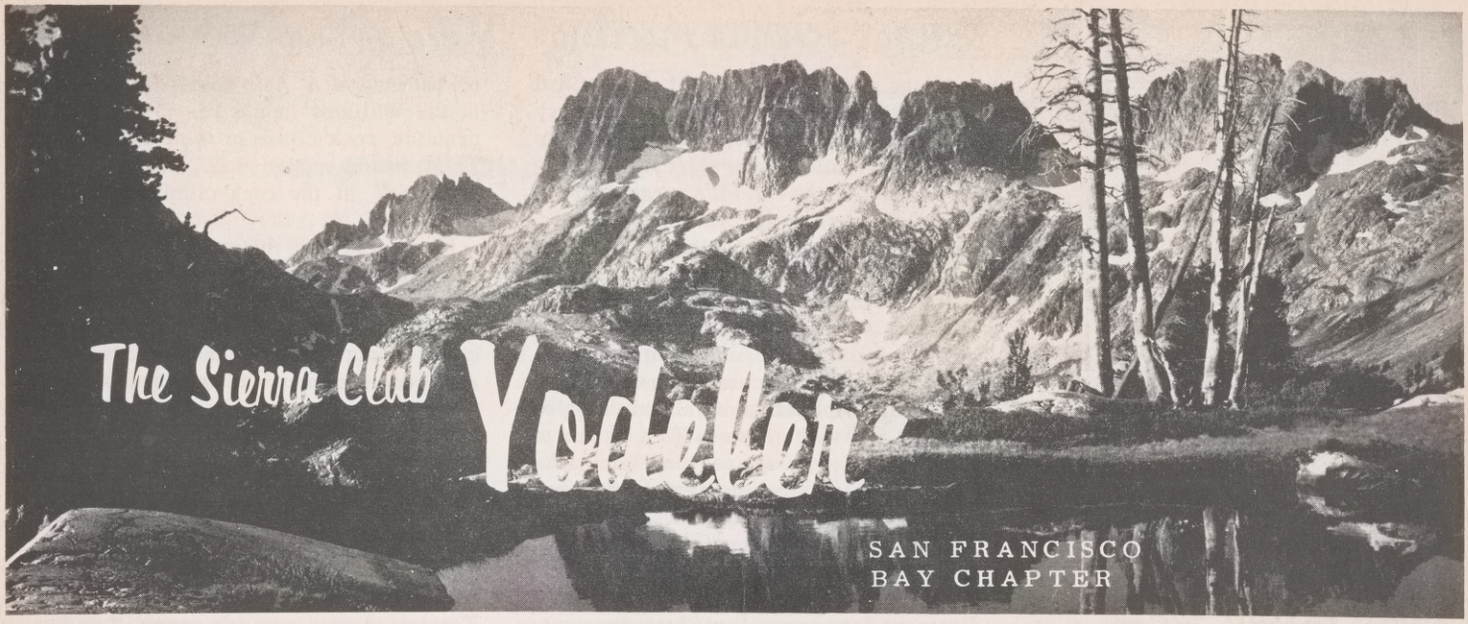

Volume XXI | March 16, 1959 | Number 6

CONSERVATION: EMERALD BAY

The result of the Assembly Hearing on the Concurrent Resolution urging the low level route for Highway 89 was a postponement of action pending a formal discussion of the subject by both Park and Highway Commission on March 26th. Action of the Senate Bill 146 was also postponed. Apparently the legislators have been hearing from home and have learned that this is not to be pushed through in a hurry. There is now a much more favorable climate for discussion of the high and low level routes and their technical problems. (It also gives would-be letter-writers another chance to express their personal views to legislators on this.)

It may be interesting to readers if we give a brief and non-technical report on some of the engineering problems, as outlined to this reporter by President Harold Bradley. Engineers foresee trouble on both arms of the horseshoe route around Emerald Bay if the upper level is to be developed as an all-year highway. On the south side is the big slide which wiped out the highway two years ago. There is no question that tunneling in the rock behind this slide is feasible. On the north side of the bay the highway is subject to constant rockfall and highway engineers say these rocks would wreck snow-removal machinery trying to keep the road open in winter. Geological research now indicates that the rock formation here also is solid enough to allow a tunnel to bypass the dangerous area. In addition, the study indicates that the proposed lower route would suffer from exactly the same type of rockfall on the approach from Bliss State Park to the proposed bridge, causing hazards if this route is used.

These technical problems should be given most careful study. The meeting of the two Commissions is a correct procedure and will help to acquaint the public with the inevitable damage to the State Parks if the lower route is used.

GREEN BELT

On the local level the meeting of two San Francisco city commissions showed how much good can come from thoughtful discussions. The Park and Recreation Commission, with one dissenting vote, reversed their former refusal to acquire the Montgomery property for the San Francisco Green Belt after a long discussion with the City Planning Commission. At least they voted to ask the Supervisors whether money could be found to purchase this property and hold it in an undeveloped state. The change of policy was partly due to a definite atmosphere of public opinion favorable to the Green Belt (there was not an empty seat in the crowded conference room and no one appeared to support the Park and Recreation Commission's former action), but much credit is due to Director of City Planning James McCarthy whose clear presentation of the case was a model of restraint and yet a most able argument for purchase. Study committees from Golden Gate Park also reported in favor of acquiring the property and keeping it in a natural condition. Two problems remain: persuade the present owner to sell it to the city, and find the money to buy it.

TAMALPAIS

A bill to broaden the area on which the funds voted for Tamalpais State Park last year may be spent has apparently been passed by unanimous consent. It does not,

(continued on page 2)

Disney Dazed

In all my years I have never seen such a beautiful sight. I hope in the future to film this beautiful country and add it to my collection of people and places.

—Walt Disney, writing in another Sierra Club publication, the register on Mt. Anderson, above the John Benson Ski Hut last September.

Young Man with a Vision

The "Yodeler's" all-seeing eye this week focuses on Larry Williams, chairman of the Bay Chapter's Conservation Committee. Larry admits to being a member of ye olde Sierra Club for nigh on to 11 years, and is now serving his 3rd year as chairman of the Conservationists. Our spotlightee figures he spends several hours each week on various phases of Sierra Club work plus time spent attending various meetings which concern Conservation activities. The Club events which intrigue Larry the most are rock climbing and skiing. (Now that his family is growing up he says family camping has replaced most of the skiing). Among non-outdoor hobbies Larry confesses to being an avid reader in the fields of Science, Mathematics, and World Affairs. (Perhaps he can brief us on "who's going to get kicked out of Berlin" or "Which country is going to explore the moon first".)

Larry and his wife Laurie were school-day classmates and they now have 3 young gals taking their places at the "fountain

(continued on page 2)

Sierra Club Yodeler

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NEXT DEADLINE: April 6

VOLUME XXI NO. 6 March 16, 1959

Conservation (Cont.)

as some people wishfully thought, provide more money, just increases the places where the original million may be spent.

BERKELEYANS

Don't forget Berkeley's smallest park on April 7th. Fremontonia Park will be extinguished by a measure on the ballot allowing building of a firehouse on that small triangle at Marin and the Alameda. You may or may not approve, but don't let Measure A catch you uninformed.

—CMC

Natural Science Meeting

At the regular meeting of the Natural Science Section on Friday night, March 13th, more than sixty flower-watchers and outing-anticipators were charmed by Mr. John Thomas Howell's presentation of the wildflowers of the Sierra Nevada. Mr. Howell, Curator of Botany at the California Academy of Sciences, took us eastward across the mountains, starting in the Upper Sonoran Zone of the Great Valley and ending where forest peters out in desert. Thanks to Tom's access to Charles Webber's large collection of skillfully-angled camera shots, the flowers Tom wanted to show posed for us against mountain backgrounds or appeared in marvelous close-ups in the prime of bloom. A hundred Kodachromes, beginning with Digger Pines and Clematis, and including Sierra Primroses and cushion Eriogonums, closed with Fremont Cottonwoods and Chrysothamnus.

Before our trip began, Tom divulged some long-awaited information. His projected Flora of the Sierra Nevada, though delayed by the production of Marin County and San Francisco flora, is one-third done and can be expected to appear reasonably soon in spite of such obstacles as the grasses, the willows, and the monkeyflowers. The difficulties, as well as the delights of the undertaking, are much increased by the professionally-compelled decision to include the large number of flowers in the Upper Sonoran Zone.

Tom was assisted in the showing of the slides by Wilfred Ward, and the meeting was conducted by the Section Chairman, Joanne Taylor.

—Marshall Jencks

More on Larry Williams

of knowledge". One novel development in the Williams' home life is the child's practice rock climb in their back yard. This should make them future "big-leaguers" in the rock-climbing profession.

Larry was born in Berkeley, and recalls trodding the East Bay Hills as a boy. In spite of the fact that Stanford U. needed a first-class rock climber badly, he decided to go to nearby Berkeley U. instead and received his teaching credential in 1954. His name is on the books as a charter member of the U.C. Hiking Club. He lives in a Canyon near Moraga in the East Bay Hills, in an area where upper and lower suburbia mingle with the greatest of reticence.

Oakland High School has on its faculty roster one Lawrence Williams, Chemistry Teacher. Larry says it's one and the same guy.

A brand new development in Larry's future plans is that he is planning on becoming a professional climbing guide (summer months only, please), to his knowledge the first in California with a permit from the U.S. Forest Service.

In his capacity as Conservation Committee Chairman, Williams stresses that all Club members who are interested in fighting the continuing battles of protecting and preserving the wilderness areas should inform themselves as to just who the legislative representatives of their districts are, and should express their feelings by letters addressed to City, County, State, and Federal officials. Larry makes the interesting observation that every such piece of correspondence which he has forwarded to the proper government official has received a prompt, interested reply.

The Bay Chapter Conservation Committee meets each month on the first Thursday, and its members become so through participation in conservation affairs. Larry Williams states that he is very proud of the group of active members who now comprise the Chapter Conservation Committee.

To end our profile on a highly philosophic level, Larry says "Morally and spiritually Americans are discovering the importance of natural values through appreciation of outdoor beauty and participation in outdoor recreation. If we enjoy this and get something valuable from it, then it is definitely worth saving."

—EDB

Unlockered

The records of the Lodge show many Sierra Club Members waiting to rent one of the ski lockers. Five lockers were made available for reassignment at the start of this season through the efforts of Mr. Lummis, which means that at this rate the last member now on the list can look forward to being without a locker until about 1964.

This situation is a distinct change from the recent past, when due to the abundance of unrented ski lockers members were urged to take more than one. Also, since the rental fee is so low, members who no longer ski at the lodge regularly do not feel any sense of urgency in surrendering their lockers, but rather use them for dead storage. Others have passed their lockers along to friends rather than allowing them to be reassigned by the manager.

We urge consideration of the following points as a fair solution to the above:

1. Since the lockers should be used for the convenience of frequent users of the Lodge, members who did not stay at the Lodge at least four times during the preceding season should be requested to surrender their lockers.

2. No member should be allowed to rent more than one locker while there is a shortage. In fact, since each locker holds two pairs of skis, two members per locker would be more equitable until additional facilities are available.

3. As in the case of Lodge reservations, there should be a system of priorities for work credits.

4. The rental fees should be adjusted upward to make the value more realistic, and provide money for expansion of the facilities.

5. Addition of new lockers should have high priority for the next work party season.

Mr. Lewis Clark remarked recently that the Sierra Club is basically a conservation club, rather than a hiking, skiing, or boating organization. Let us show an application of conservation principles in dealing with our own scarce resources.

—Paul Russell and
Arthur Barta

From the Circulation Mgr.

When you tell the club office that your address should be changed—be sure to mention YODELER. Otherwise, we don't get the word, and will continue to be mailed to the old address.

Shasta Skiing – the Long Week-end

(Honorable mention—sorry, no prize— in The Yodeler contest. —HF)

A small expedition of 16 Sierra Club members ventured into the far northland of California to conduct an extensive survey of the wineing, dining, and skiing facilities in and about the area of Mt. Shasta. Expedition headquarters were established in Mt. Shasta City, 14 miles from the new Mt. Shasta Ski Bowl. However, a case of "so near and yet so far" arose as a result of heavy snow during the preceding week, which kept the road to the Bowl closed during Saturday. Not the least dismayed, our brave little band retired to a lower elevation, where we attempted skiing in four inches of slush at Snowman's Hill. Various combinations of waxes were used, all of which failed miserably, and breakdown of the T-bar in late afternoon brought the day's activities to a close. The evening's activities, however, were another story. Fortified by dinner at the Black Butte Inn, and certain liquid restoratives obtained at private and public watering holes en route to dinner, most of the group settled down in the Inn living room and followed Pat Cone, Thelma Carder, and Carl Trost in singing antique and unique folk songs.

Sunday dawned, or at least we assumed it did — for the sun was not observed till early afternoon. We ate breakfast and then discovered that the road to Shasta was open to shuttle buses. So we stood patiently in line, waiting and waiting, and finally they appeared. In we piled, skis, poles, lunches, and other impedimentia clutched firmly in our hands, and milled around in organized confusion until we found seats. The buses arrived at the lodge shortly before noon — more milling around, hasty conferences on when to eat, whether to buy half-day tickets, etc. But at last everyone got underway, to be rewarded by a full afternoon of brilliant sunshine, foot-deep powder, and one mile runs. Joy! Transportation back to Mt. Shasta City consisted of hitch-hiking until a sympathetic carload of skiers would make room for one more, so that our group returned piece-meal but in good spirits, eagerly looking forward to the morrow. Dinner, a nerve-shattering experience for the waitress (we understand she was given the following day off) was concluded noisily and happily, and so to bed.

Monday dawned—also an assumption—and we were at the Ski Bowl early, ready for a full day. A dense, heavy fog prevailed, lending much excitement to the runs, an excitement that had been absent the day before when it was possible to see where one was going. Dark, shadowy figures silently materialized from nowhere, were visible for a fleeting instant, and quickly vanished into the enveloping gloom. Noises were muffled and ghostly—the creaking of the lift, the clack-clack-clack of moving skis and poles, the anguished cries of skiers as, zooming off of a sharp drop, they discovered that they weren't on the flat. Not only would passing skiers argue about which was is north, but some of the less experienced were heard in heated debate about which way is up. Although hope sprang eternal in the skier's breast—"The sun'll be shining any minute now"—it sprang to no avail, and the last runs were made in fog that was no thinner than that of the morning.

One by one, skiers came off the slopes, and car by car they drove back to Mt. Shasta City and thence southward, already counting the days until each, in his own manner, would make fresh onslaughts against the snow.

—Phil Lydon

SQUAW HUNT AT SQUAW

Five skiers, including a gal quite used to skiing and ski-touring, were returning from a weekend at Bradley Hut. This girl was to send her pack down the KT lift, and then to meet the drivers at their car.

She skied down and got another ride, without leaving any word or checking out with the Forest Service or at Squaw.

When the guys arrived and did not find her by the time it got dark, they started the Ski Patrol on a search. This involved getting out the manager and assistant manager, plus a lift operator, the national ski-patrolmen, Squaw Valley paid patrolmen, plus some of the avalanche rescue patrol.

They ran 2 lifts and looked over 2 mountains of the ridge for 3 1/2 hours in two groups with powerful lights and walkie-talkie radios. The snow was treacherous, breakable crust in the daytime—imagine it at night!

Finally, after several calls to the Sierra Club and on the sixth attempt to phone S.F., the girl was reached at her home there.

The ten person patrol double emphasizes the need to always check in and OUT when ski or snowshoe touring, with the ski-patrol, your friends, the ski lodge, or the Forest Service.

—Ray Simpson

CTL NEWS

(Feb. 28 - March 1)

March has sure come in like a lamb, this year. The skies have been blue, the sun, bright (remember sun tan lotion, and dark glasses or goggles) and the temperature, warm. Snow conditions vary considerably, depending on elevation, direction the slope faces, and number of trees. Signal Hill was typical spring skiing; silver wax, lunch outside, and wet rope in the afternoon. Down on pumphouse the tobogaaneers were holding forth. Toboganing is great fun, but . . . Those footprints in the snow not only catch ski tips, but a young man was sent to the hospital because he was toboganing and caught his foot in a hole in the snow. "The bone you break may be your own."

Ice skating at Squaw Valley will be in full swing in a few weeks. They will have one of the smaller rinks ready for day and evening skating — for free, yet. At least this is the rumor on which I tuned in.

(March 7-8)

Over the weekend, blue skies, frozen ruts in the a.m., terrific spring skiing just before noon, and Sierra slush in the afternoon were the order of the day. However, today, Monday, there are C L O U D S over Donner Summit, maybe. . . .

The lodge was quite full, in fact, snow camping was encouraged. Many of these people enjoyed skiing on Signal both days. Sunday, Jim Nicklos and Roger Paris combined their talents as slalom setters for a dandy Sunday Slalom. The Tri-Club race was to have been held, however neither Cal. nor Heidlemann were able to field teams and so it was postponed. Saturday self-conscious skiers were in a bad way, as a group from Sacramento, who belong to a camera class were busy using up the celluloid. This reminds me; If anyone has any black and white pictures (how old-fashioned) taken in or near the lodge or any huts, please send me a print, with your name and address (so I can return it) and where it was taken. Thank you all.

—Roberta Codis

New Members Meeting

Joanne Evers announces the new members' meeting for Tuesday, April 14, 7:30 p.m., in the 3rd floor assembly room of the Sierra Club building (all right! — Mills Tower Building, 220 Bush, S.F.). Most all club activities are explained by committee heads, and afterwards the meeting adjourns to the office for the type of refreshments Sierrans like (i.e., free refreshments).

Old members should tell any new members they know about this event, as it is possible that some new members are not yet Yodelereaders.

Snowshoe Special No 2.

The weekend at CTL has been changed to the Easter Holiday, March 28-29. Reservations for the lodge and for chartered bus, if desired, should be made at the club office.

If you were too late for other snowshoe trips this winter, here's your chance to get some sprinting around on your snowshoe legs.

Phone or postcard Donna Harvey if you need the informational "Your First Time on Snowshoes."

Saturday the party will assembly on the front lawn (?) of CTL for a short jaunt. At various rest stops there will be instructions, discussion of equipment essentials, and helpful hints for future, more strenuous trips. And a return to CTL for dinner.

Sunday activities are unscheduled, and you will be on your own to utilize and try the ideas gleaned the previous day to ascertain which methods and suggestions are best for you.

Leading with My Chin

This episode occurred during the recent rainy period. Names of places and persons are omitted in the interest of self-preservation.

Sunday morning, 7:00 a.m. Is that the sound of tires on wet pavement outside? A short lurch to the window—sure enough, it's raining. Boy, now for another couple of hours in bed. Wait, though, (Darn that conscience) some misguided soul might turn out anyway. Better go down to the bus depot and tell him it's raining! You might have known—half a dozen people are waiting for the bus. Well, since I'm up anyway, let's go over to the Mill Valley starting point and issue "Rain checks" to anybody there. Good heavens! Sixteen more, all decked out in ponchos, rain-pants and so'-westers. And so d--n eager and cheerful, too! Please, people, it's raining and it was so cozy at home. All right, all right, so stop pulling, I'll go.

Four hours later, bedraggled but not broken, the more enlightened members of the party are back in Mill Valley, sipping hot coffee and tasting hot apple pie and finding life worthwhile, after all. The rest were last seen disappearing into the dark clouds hovering over the top of Tam, and for all I know they're still up there. Let them start a new section—the Rainy Day Hiking Section—I'll even help them secede. Just let me stay home.

— All Wet

For Sale—Single Hammer fold boat, with or without surfing bow piece. Don Golden, OLympic 3-6617

HIGH TRIP TO PEAR LAKE

(A long article, yes, but it was a long weekend. Along with the copy, the author sent in an offer to help, which we are taking advantage of gratefully this short-handed staff evening. It would be kind of unfair to disqualify her from the prize as a staff member, and so this article wins a year's free subscription. —HF)

If one can show contentment in the face of such adversity as puffy eyes squinting with sunburn, blistered heels and twirling brain still spinning with altitude and only semi-satisfactory sleep on top of bony knapsacks and ski poles in a returning station wagon, if one can keep smiling for eight straight hours of office work by simply contemplating the wonders of the past weekend, then I think it is safe to say the trip to snow-mantled Pear Lake and the surrounding mountains was a complete success.

The fact that Pear Lake and the mighty mountains around it do exist was a question of faith for the most part of the long trek up there all day Saturday, I might add. Perhaps there were none among the seventeen skiiers and one snowshoer who really doubted it; but on the other hand, faith in the trail-blazers was forcibly strong because those who followed could often only see the tracks in front of them moving upward and onward. We had a small blizzard and not a little fog that day.

Six hours of faith and perseverance, then, landed us at the cabin. Another hour or ingenuity on the part of the oil-stove lighters, notably Dave Lewis and a candle to thaw a frozen line, and we were furnished with a comfortable inside temperature, starting at 28 . By 7 p.m. the chief cook and her two assistants found themselves well on their way to satisfying some of the more immediate needs of the mountain-lovers. Head man of the commisary, Neal Anderson, had previously come through with much-appreciated chivalry via a reviving brew conjured from the contents of his bountiful pack. Later, the musical Andersons, Ken and Flo, stirred enough voices and harmonicas to lend atmosphere to the evening and inspire even a bit of folk dancing.

When it was discovered that the moon was shining (by one of the braver souls who sat spooning water from a primeval well), spirits ranged even higher at the prospects for the following day. But even then the "carpe diem" crew, four in number, set out to try a moonlight downhill descent of the hill by the cabin, "Just in case the next day were not destined to be sunlit," quoth the instigator Ian Begg.

The next day was not a disappointment. Crystal clear air sparkled on the crisp powder snow, and eager parties set out at 8:30. Our early start was helped by our snowshoer, Ken Anderson's father, who volunteered to restore the hut to order, content that his trek of the day before would stand as a record for some time. The sidehill traversing that had formed much of our ski route in had not been designed for snowshoes, so he had chosen to travel the last five miles in the new snow on foot.

A large party headed up the inviting bowls of light powder for the conquest of Alta Peak. Looking down at the trail made by the first few climbers, the others gave the impression of a caravan or snow-safari as they wound back and forth up the inclines. We could envy the "snowshoe rabbit," as dubbed by Wally MacGregor, our wildlife expert, his capacity to make clear, direct tracks which our meandering crossed on occasion.

Those greedy for more of the sweeping feeling that only steep slopes and deep powder can provide, climbed back again part of the mountain. Then there was the fellow, Dave Lewis I think, who kept his climbers on so his enjoyment of the descent would not be marred by the ego-crushing experience of landing in the snow! For those whose egos are more flexible, however, that experience is almost an enjoyable one. What could be softer and more refreshing, after all, than a bath in over a foot of cool, fresh, light powder snow?

There were a couple of us, however, who requested lessons in managing this kind of snow, who doubted that their technique was adequate for long term snow-touring where landing spots might not be so consistently generous. So, with two unanimously recognized "most graceful and able skiers" (i.e. , Pete Graf and Jan Strelecki) being willing, a self-elevated ski school was set up by the same moonlight ski-run hill. By the end of a couple of hours of this activity, the deep powder was so packed it resembled more the consistency of a well-traveled run under a chair lift at Squaw Valley. At least one exhausted and hungry skier staggered into the hut too tired even to climb to the crest of the hill and see the Alpine glow. The moon shone Sunday night too, but not one soul could muster the required energy to put on his skis and repeat the experience of the night before. Moon and stars were appreciated uniquely through their light refracted by the icicles in the window panes.

And Monday was as beautiful as the previous day had been! The V.W. men, Jim Dowd and Fred Sandrock, were off quickly to break trail back to the highway, and

(continued on page 5)

I Search for High Adventure

Hear the Bay Chapters Rock Climbing Section's own Bob Swift recount the greatest American mountain conquest, last year's ascent of Hidden Peak. At 26,740 feet Hidden Peak (Gasherbrum I) is the highest mountain in the world ever climbed by an American team. Only 30 feet lower than Annapurna, it is the eleventh highest mountain in this world.

Bob will be the featured speaker at the Annual Dinner, and the club's directors and many prominent members will be there. Before the dinner at 7, there will be a social hour at 6. Dress is informal.

Banquet Chairman Claudia Owen will furnish free information (FIllmore 6-8515, 7 to 9 p.m.) and $4 tickets (3555 Jackson St., S.F. 18). Write checks to Sierra Club Annual Banquet, and please enclose return addressed, stamped envelope.

This is the date to save: Saturday, April 25, at The Village, Columbus & Lombard, S. F. Get your tickets early.

For Sale—Lady's quilted parka, size medium, charcoal gray, red lining, Tyrolean trim, like new, $13.00. LAndscape 6-7637

Pear Lake (continued)

presumably to give their little machine a head-start home. The most energetic, Carl Werner and George Wallerstein, proceded early to the summit of Alta Peak. Four others, Jan Strelecki, Cynthia Ericksen, Lotte Kramer and Dennis Rietovitz, also loath to leave the mountains, took another route behind the precipitous slopes above Pear Lake. This route, discovered by the welcome participant from the Polish Alpine Club, would lead across the Alta Peak ridge and give access to the summit from the other side. Although time was lacking to complete this expedition, it has interesting possibilities for future reference. Exhilarated with the thought, and disappointed that the weekend was almost over, we promised ourselves that Next Time this plan would be among the first on the agenda. It was obvious upon leaving that ten days or more, and only that, would be adequate to explore all the possibilities for mountaineering that this small region could provide.

What glory in those slopes: indigo sky, rainbow glints on powder snow, ochre bark of the redwoods and crystal shattering of frozen tree crowns in the sunlight! This is one participant's lasting recollection as she skied away down the three-hour run to the highway and home.

—Cynthia Ericksen

CEDRIC WRIGHT SHOW

A remarkable exhibit was presented in Lafayette last weekend, sponsored by the Conservation Education Committee of the Sierra Club and the Valley Arts Center of Lafayette. It was a handsome display arranged on movable panels and consisted of a wide selection of Cedric Wright's mountain photographs with accompanying extracts from his unpublished book "The Words of the Earth".

The show was held on Saturday at the Orchard Nursery in Lafayette. Officers and leaders of the Sierra Club and the Valley Art Center were invited to a special preview and reception on Friday evening at which Cedric himself appeared and stopped the show while everyone flocked around to greet him. Being in the wheel chair did not seem to interfere with his love of fun and stock of jokes and his friends were delighted to see him. In addition to the display panels there were many other prints on exhibition, and old high-trippers and new visitors alike enjoyed the many views of the High Sierra and informal portraits of mountaineers.

Among the comments overheard were:

"The man is really a great artist."

"He's a poet too!"

"I can just feel that meadow underfoot."

"It makes me want to be there."

"He really catches the mood, doesn't he?"

"This ought to make people appreciate the wilderness."

"What masterpieces he has done with his camera!"

After display at the Wilderness Conference on March 20 and 21 this exhibit will be available for loan to schools, libraries and organizations. —Charlotte Mauk

Youth Meeting-Success

Betty Michner reports that 50 younger Sierrans attended the first session of this activity on March 14. Several young people volunteered to help with the coming Wilderness Conference, and with the Conservation-Education committee.

This is indeed heartening to see the youth get started right—except for a few of the highest level or full time positions all Sierra Club activities are run by volunteers who are paid only in satisfaction for worthwhile work well done.

Ned Robinson presided over the meeting, speaking of the Hut building program, and telling about future plans: A hike, probably on Tamalpais, April 4, and a clean-up and camping trip he will lead in May.

Contact Mr. H. H. Leschke, 2829 Regent, Berkeley 5, AShberry 3-0794 for further information about coming events.

River Touring Section

We had an excellent turn-out for our annual Boat Show. Were you there to see it? We had all types of models present, some made by "Elderly Eskimos." Don Golden showed his Whalecraft Fiberglass boat, a group project, beautifully finished in bright yellow with two bathtub drains for bailing out. Bob Hawley and Ted Fostiak displayed their fiberglass models of the whalecraft and slalom boats. These were nicely finished also. Buck Rogers had his combination surfboard and rowing scow on display, which drew many admirers. He uses this for surfing as well as on flat water. The Stadleman all-round flat water fiberglass boat was on display as well as a commercially-made canvas foldboat by Pioneer.

Following the display of boats, three movies were shown, one by Pioneer which showed sailboats and doubles as well as single kayaks. "Clarence and the Canoe" and a film of a down-river race in France were the other two features. Everyone left with a pleasant feeling of fellowship.

Reminder: Our pool training sessions begin on March 24, a Tuesday, at the Woman's Athletic Club in Oakland. The next two sessions will be held on the following Tuesdays, March 31 and April 7. Come one, come all, and learn how to get into a kayak as well as out. Those members who are experts in this technique will help you. Admission is 50¢, and if you forget your bathing suit, it will be furnished.

For reservations on the OwHyhee trip, these must be made by April 14 with a deposit of $25. Bryce Whitmore is the leader, so write him at 4 Live Oak Circle, El Sobrante, or call him at BEacon 4-3752. The deposit is necessary and will not be refunded unless you can get someone to take your place on the trip.

See you at our next meeting, April 14.

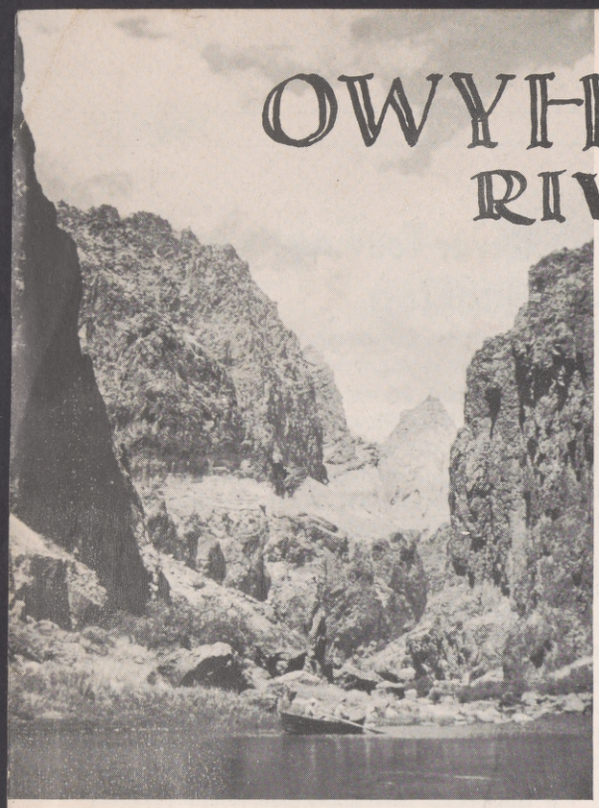
—Elinore Ridge

ELECTION

You will soon receive ballots for a Sierra Club election. Several questions involve amendments to the by-laws, the basic constitution of the club. Some are considered to be mere clarifications.

One proposal is controversial and would substantially change long established procedures. We understand that on this question the Board of Directors is not furnishing a recommendation for or against.

Study your ballot carefully, then be sure to vote!



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OWYHEE RIVER TRIP
(Southeast corner of Oregon)

Trip starts May 4 to 8 - 5 days on the river. Cost: $55.00 per person. The river should be full and exciting! Foldboaters should contact Bryce Whitmore, leader, at BEacon 4-3752, #4 Live Oak Circle, El Sobrante, or Lou Elliott, at OLympic 5-3801 evenings, and at HIgate 4-2054 days.

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San Francisco 4, California

LOST FOUND

I was greatly thrilled to receive my purse which I lost on my way up Mt. Whitney in August of 1955. I only wish I had received some account of how and where it was found. Did someone else camp overnight where I did, I wonder? I've always wanted to go back and look for it, and my marble match box, which was probably close by.

I camped the first night at Mirror Lake; next night well above Consultation, just off the trail, where I found a level spot close by a ledge, with a rock on the other side. During the night, my knapsack fell over, and it was then (I thought later when I discovered my loss), that my purse and match box must have slipped out and got buried in the loose gravel.

What I should be interested to know is whether the purse had traveled down hill, or did someone camp in the same spot? Or indeed was it found there? More precisely, the place is a little below a fairly sizeable level place where some tools were kept.

The third day I went to the top, and came back to the same camp spot. I took the trip very slowly, but I was then 67.

I only pray that I may have one more chance to go up the North Fork, to camp by that first little lake, on a night of the full moon—quite out of this world!! (I'd like to try the route up the North shoulder, too).

If you can tell me anything further, I'd appreciate it. I am a member of the Appalachian Mt. Club and of the Green Mt. Club.

Yours sincerely,
Arnold W. Lahee
75 Central Ave.
Montclair, N. J.

P.S. And, of course, thank you for returning it to me.

Does anyone know who did this good deed?

Touring Lincoln to Donner

Bombarded by reports of bare ridges and rocks our little ski tour group composed of Bill Allison, Lewis Clark, Jim Dowd, Fred Sandrock, Frank Shoemaker, Frances Sullivan, Bob Texdahl, Norm Turner, Carl Trost, and Carl Werner discovered that snow is where you find it. We found it and Lewis Clark proved that the point by skiing clean up to U.S. 40, a la reverse shoulder Roger Paris style.

It was good to get away from the giant "Mugelgarten" at the Sugar Bowl and strike out from the top of Lincoln around the east side of Mount Judah. This was a fun run staying high on ridges where new views of familiar landmarks were ever present. Snow conditions were surprisingly good and all of us became just a little bit better acquainted with the Donner area and its skiing possibilities.

Thanks again to Jim Dowd and Roger Lowe for transporting us back to CTL.

—Fred Sandrock

KODAK RETINA III-C
For sale by Jim Barbour, EVergreen 6-0683. Our apologies to Jim for having mislaid the correct text of his ad.

Furnished apartment for rent, in Berkeley. Large rooms, kitchen, bath, storage, sun deck—and a view. Rachel Scribner, LAndscape 6-7678, evenings THornwall 3-7900, Ext. 558 days.